

Mercenary

by DeathGrip

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Summary: Wha? You think I'm cowerin while antific bullets are flyin?

Mercenary

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Mercenary

"Hey! It's one of them! Get her!"

> "DIE bitch!"
 "In your dreams, ass-hole!" DeathGrip yelled, backpedaling from enemy lines as fast as she could. She landed back in the trenches on her back.

> "Didn't work too well, huh?" tobiasrulz asked her, aiming her gun for another shot.
 "Not worth shit, no," DeathGrip replied, trying to wipe the mud off her face with her sleeve, which was so muddy in itself that the action was pointless.

> "What the-RB and DMP are crossing the lines! What the HELL do they think they're doing?" Andalite Girl screamed. "Somebody take the message!"
 "I got it!" DeathGrip yelled back, clawing her way out of the trench- just taller than her short frame, and bolted for the command tent. An anti-fic bullet exploded within inches of her, and she stumbled, rolling a few feet before grabbing her own pistol and searching for any serious problems.

> She ripped off a strip from her jacket as a brace for her right knee, which she'd fallen on, stood, holstered her pistol, and darted off in less than a millisecond.
 "Ma'am! Ma'am!!" DeathGrip gasped, stumbling into the tent. Forlay stood up, grabbing her gun on the way-no surprise, DeathGrip had ripped off her teal armband-"DMP and Rb are invading our trenches!" "What? Are they CRAZY?"

> She shrugged and dashed out the tent.
 Ph-SHOW!

> DeathGrip screeched and dropped back, still feeling the wind of the anti fic bullet.
 "-have to bring out the heavy artillery-

> * Heavy artillery? Wouldn't miss that for the world... *
 She darted around the tent until she reached the machine guns and was the first to grab one. She would have gotten two, but there wasn't time-the enemy forces had gotten in the trenches!

She was knocked over by someone running over her. A shot whizzed by her ear. She grabbed her knife and an anti fic bullet out of her boot and pinned the assailant down, ripping a gash in his/her arm. S/he screamed. DeathGrip stuffed the anti fic bullet into the wound, and rolled off her victim, standing to watch them disintegrate.

> "Ruby?" she wondered for a brief second, before ducking and firing random blasts in the direction of her assailant. There were screams and yelps from her side.
 > "Forlay! Forlay! She got Forlay!"

> "Nnnoooooo!!!!!"
 > "Dammit! You bitch!"

> "MOVE OUT!!!" DeathGrip screamed, "THAT'S AN ORDER!! ALL TROOPS MOVE OUT!!"
<p>

Two hours later the sorry group of writers that were left of the forces gathered, sopping wet, miserable, rained on.

> They'd taken out Bob, Forlay.... the list went on and on. Twenty of them were left.
 > DeathGrip kept her watch on border control.

> "Hello DeathGrip."
 > "Heh. Rb. Why am I not surprised, you snot nosed son of a bitch?"

> The approaching figure hesitated at that.
 DeathGrip fired.

> Shots and screams from camp.
 > Ambush.

> Something hit her in the back and pulled her up by the hair. She was practically bristling.
 > "Say good-night, Little Miss Morbid."

> The ear shatteringly loud explosion right next to her head.

<p>

"NNNOOOO!!!!!!"

> DeathGrip's chair went sprawling backwards. She sighed, sat up, and hit herself in the head with her mouse.
 > "Dammit. Dammit dammit dammit. What a damnable way for it to end. DAMMIT damn damn damn damn it it it it it dammit dammit dammit dammit dammit."

End
file.